

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 45.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1852.

{ PRICE 1d.  
STAMPED 2d.



EDME'S "PRINCESS" TURNS OUT A MERE FORTRESS.

## EDME CHAMPION.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Edme had taken leave of his conductor, he knocked loudly and with a joyous heart at the gate of that hôtel in which he anticipated nothing but

VOL. I.—NO. 45.

happiness and success. The gate was instantly opened, and he entered a large court; but not seeing any person to whom he could apply, he was walking forward to the steps of a handsome house that stood before him, when he heard a sharp

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voice calling after him: "Well, little fellow, what do you want? Are you going to enter people's houses without speaking to the porter?"

Edme turned, and observed a woman sitting at the window of a little lodge, which had been concealed by the gate as it opened. She was very plainly attired, but Edme instantly recognised her.

"It is I!" said he, entering the lodge, and going up to her with great simplicity.

"And who are you?" she replied, looking rather angry at his apparent audacity.

"Do you not know me? I remember you quite well; you are the lady I brought over the water in the boat, and that I thought was a princess. Where is the little boy? I have brought him his clothes;" and as Edme spoke he opened a little bundle and displayed to the astonished portress the hat and dress of her little *protégé*.

The woman's countenance instantly changed. "What! is it you, my dear boy?" she exclaimed, pressing him in her arms; "is it you? I am truly glad to see you, and if you will stay with me I will take care of you until the duke returns. He has been suddenly recalled to join the army; and his mother, who had come here to meet him and to see her grandson, has gone back to her château in Vendée, and taken the child with her. But never mind, you shall be my boy for the present, and shall want for nothing. My lodge boy is leaving me, and you shall have his place. You will not have much to do, only to pull the string of the gate, to sweep the steps in front of the house, and to go of errands; and, never fear, you shall want for nothing."

At every word the woman spoke, the countenance of poor Edme became more and more overcast. Here then was the fulfilment of all his bright visions of wealth and honour; his grand princess had changed into a domestic servant, and his grand preferment to pull the lodge string, to sweep the steps, to be in fact the servant of the portress. Tears filled the eyes of the poor boy, who nevertheless endeavoured to bear his disappointment manfully, merely replying to her long speech: "You are very kind, madam."

The portress left him to go and call in some of her neighbours, to whom she had related her adventures at Châtel-Censoir, to come and see the little boatman whose presence of mind had saved her foster child. During her absence the little traveller, who had expected to be received at least by a duchess, learned from the little lodge boy whom he was to replace, that the Duchess de Lauzun was dead, that the duke was not expected back to Paris for a long time, and that the hôtel was about to be let to strangers.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of poor Edme, he endeavoured to fulfil the duties of his new station with alacrity; the portress was very kind to him, and his evenings were generally spent in reading aloud to her and some of her friends. But in spite of all his attempts to be cheerful, the tears would at times roll down his cheeks at the recollection of his brother at home, and the demolition of the castles in the air which his imagination had piled.

It happened one day that a lady in his neighbourhood, who had taken notice of his constant alacrity

and attentive behaviour, discovered him in one of the melancholy moods we have described. She felt interested for the simple country-looking boy, and interrogated him as to the cause of his distress. Edme at once related his whole history, the adventure in the boat, his journey to Paris, his hopes, and his disappointment.

"And what is it you wish to do?" inquired the lady.

"To get a trade, madam."

"What trade would you like?"

"I have no choice, madam; any one by which I could earn enough to bring my brother to me."

The lady reflected for a few moments, and then said: "I do not live in Paris, I am only here for a short time, and would not be sorry to leave a memorial of my visit; would you like to be bound to a jeweller?"

"I should like it very much," replied the boy.

The lady then gave him her address, and desired him to come to her the next morning.

Edme was punctual to his appointment, and the kind lady who took such an interest in him, accompanied him to the house of a celebrated working jeweller, to whom she presented her *protégé*, requesting to know his terms for taking an apprentice. The jeweller said his terms were five hundred livres for three years.

The lady signed the agreement with the name of De Tessier, and paid the money; this was all that Edme ever saw or heard of his benefactress.

The trials of our poor little hero were, however, by no means at an end. Unhappily the first years of the apprenticeship of children are too often employed in going the messages of the shop; and Edme's master, seeing that he had neither father nor friend to look after him, instead of instructing him in the business which he had pledged himself to teach, allowed him only the occupation of a servant.

At first Edme submitted quietly, hoping that when his work was done, he should have a few hours in the afternoon to acquire some knowledge of his trade; but it was a vain hope, he was forbidden to enter the workshop, and if occasionally he slipped in to try and pick up some idea of the business, he was turned out and even sometimes beaten. The poor boy did not know what to do; he had no acquaintance in Paris except the portress, and she advised him to remain where he was until she could communicate with the duke, who she was sure would not allow him to be ill-treated. Edme endeavoured to follow her advice; but one day being threatened with severe punishment if he failed to attend well at table when a large company was expected, his indignation got the better of his prudence; he was of a strong and independent mind, and feeling the injustice of his master's treatment, and the total neglect on his part of the contract between them, he took the opportunity, when his master was engaged with his company, to escape out of the house; he knew not whither to go, but to get beyond the reach of his unjust and cruel master was all he cared for, and so he fled he knew not whither.

In this respect, much as we may sympathize with Edme Champion, we can scarcely approve of his proceedings. When in trouble we ought to wait patiently God's time of deliverance, instead of

having recourse to irregular means of rescuing ourselves.

Edme left the city, and ran some distance into the country, when, overcome by fatigue and the dread of pursuit, he threw himself on the ground under some trees to rest. He had not eaten anything since early in the morning, and now hunger was added to his other sufferings. There was no dwelling near him, and no prospect of succour for the night; he ventured out of his hiding-place, and having read of people who had sometimes been compelled to subsist upon roots and berries, he began to search about to try and discover something of the kind. After a little time he came to a turnip field, when, without thinking of any harm, or even supposing that any person would have the wish to prevent him, he pulled up two or three roots, which with a glad heart he cleared from the earth and commenced eating. He had just finished the first when, without having heard any one approach, he felt himself suddenly seized by the ear, while a rough voice exclaimed:

"So I have caught you stealing the turnips, you young thief! you shall be sent to prison immediately."

Surprised and terrified, Edme dropped the turnips on the ground; he made no excuse, no attempt to palliate his fault, for he had not even thought that he was committing a fault; he could only repeat in a frightened tone: "A thief! I a thief!"

"No, truly," said the watchman; "this field, I suppose, became yours by chance."

"Certainly not, sir," replied Edme, respectfully.

"Well, then, what business had you in it?"

"You saw what I was doing, sir; I pulled a few turnips to eat."

"Oh! then you are not ashamed to acknowledge it!"

"Why, sir, what harm was there in it?"

"The harm was to steal," replied the man, roughly.

"To steal!" repeated Edme, in a voice of terror. "Oh! sir, do not say I stole; I would rather die than steal."

"I do not know what else to call taking other people's things without leave."

"Oh! I was so hungry!" said the child, bursting into tears. "I had not eaten anything since early this morning, and indeed, sir, I did not think that I was doing wrong; however, I beg your pardon for touching them; I have only eaten one, sir, and if you will wait for a few days I will write to my brother in the country, and he will pay for what I have pulled."

Edme felt the hand which held him relax its grasp; and trusting he should find forgiveness for his involuntary fault, he said: "You will not punish me as a thief, sir, I hope."

"Tell me the exact truth as to what brought you here, and then I shall know whether you deserve any indulgence or not."

Edme related his story with so much candour and simplicity that the watchman, who was moved by the real sorrow of the boy, and the apparent truth of his statement, took him home with him, and gave him his supper and a bed for the night.

In the morning Edme returned to the protection of his friend the portress, who having communi-

cated with the duke, he was by the duke's desire bound to M. Martial de Poilly, one of the most celebrated jewellers in Paris. His agreement with his former master was cancelled.

In a short time Edme became a general favourite in the establishment of M. de Poilly. Honest and intelligent, active and devoted to his business, he soon obtained the entire confidence of his master, while his obliging manners gained him the goodwill of every one. He was now in as great a state of happiness as his most sanguine wishes could have anticipated. Honoured by the patronage of the duke de Lauzun, who, having at last recognised his services to his child, allowed him a small salary for his personal expenses; apprenticed to a kind and benevolent master, who had the discrimination to perceive in the little orphan committed to his charge, the seeds of a noble character; Edme had little to wish for. He kept up a constant correspondence with his brother, and anxiously looked forward to the time when he should be able to bring him to live with him, nor did he neglect to send him assistance whenever he had it in his power.

Edme was thus happily circumstanced, when one day, as he was walking very quickly over Pont-Neuf, on his return from executing a commission, he observed a wretched-looking little boy lying on the side of the pavement, whom every one passed by without notice. Edme was hastening on like the rest, for it was a cold winter's day, when it occurred to him that perhaps the poor boy might be hungry. He recollected the day of his own flight from his first master, and all that he had suffered, and he turned back again to the boy. At first he thought he was asleep, but on a closer examination he perceived that his countenance exhibited an unnatural paleness, and that he appeared to be in a faint.

Edme stooped down and took his hand, which was deadly cold.

"Poor little fellow," said he, "you are suffering from cold and hunger."

The boy opened his eyes and looked at him, but was unable to rise. Edme recollected that there was a *restaurateur* just at the other side of the bridge, and lifting the boy in his arms he carried him into the shop and desired some wine to be warmed for him.

When the little boy had swallowed the wine, he became much revived, and no longer feeling the exhaustion from which he had suffered, he refused to eat the food which was afterwards given to him, but turned from it and burst into tears.

Delicate minds have an instinctive insight into the feelings of others, and Edme rightly conjecturing those of the child, whispered to him, "You would rather carry this food home with you, would you not?"

The boy made no answer, but a gleam of satisfaction brightened up his pallid countenance.

"How many have you in family?" inquired Edme.

"Three, besides myself; my mother and two little brothers."

"Have you no father?" said Edme.

"He is sick in the hospital," replied the poor little boy.

"Show me where your mother lives," said Edme; and telling the shop-boy to follow them with a little



basket of provisions, he accompanied the boy to his home. In a garret of an old dilapidated house, in one of those wretched streets of the capital where dirt and misery abound, lay a poor sickly-looking woman and two young children, on a bed of straw on the floor, the little ones looking as pale and emaciated as their mother. The first words uttered by the poor woman, on seeing her son enter, followed by a well-dressed young gentleman and a boy carrying a basket of provisions, were: "Oh Antoine, I fear you have been begging."

"No, indeed, he has not," said Edme, taking the things from the basket, and placing them beside her; "but I saw that he was in need himself, and I asked him about you."

The woman told her story, and the cause of her distress. Her husband was a mason, who had some weeks since fallen from a scaffolding and broken his leg; he was then in the hospital, and she feared it would be a long time before he would be able to follow his trade again. She was in bad health, and having two young children, was unable to do anything for their support; she had sold one article after another to procure food, till she was reduced to her present state of destitution. Antoine did what he could for them, and went out every day in hopes of being able to pick up some odd jobs, such as going messages or holding a gentleman's horse; but these opportunities seldom occurred, and he as well as the rest suffered from the want of sufficient food.

Edme promised to give them a little help every week, until her husband was able to return to his work; but the little boy exclaimed: "Oh, sir! let me earn it, else my mother will not like to take it."

"Very well," said Edme, "henceforth you are my servant, and I shall expect you to attend me daily."

He then told the lad where he lived, and took his leave.

Strange as these incidents will sound in English ears, they were in strict keeping with the future remarkable career of Edme Champion; but we must not anticipate. As he descended the stairs of this miserable dwelling, he could scarcely help exclaiming aloud: "Oh! how happy are the rich, who can give when they please and what they please!" The satisfaction Edme felt in having been able to relieve this poor family was not un-mixed with uneasiness as to what his master would say, when the boy should make his appearance at his house; what would he think of his having engaged a servant? He was turning over in his mind the next morning how he should mention the circumstances to M. de Poilly, and excuse himself for what he had so hastily done, when that gentleman entered the workshop, followed by the unconscious cause of his uneasiness.

"Edme," said he, "here is a boy who declares that you have engaged him as a servant."

"He says the truth, sir," replied Edme, blushing the deepest crimson.

"And when did you begin to require the assistance of a servant, my boy?" inquired his astonished master.

"It is not I who require his assistance, sir," said Edme, "but he that requires mine."

"That makes a difference certainly," replied M. de Poilly, in a tone of so much kindness that

Edme, who had hitherto kept his eyes upon the ground, now ventured to look up into his master's face.

"And now tell me, Edme," he continued, "what wages have you promised him?"

"Why do you ask me that, sir?"

"That I may double them," replied his generous master.

Edme threw himself into his arms: "Oh, sir!" said he, "the mother and two little brothers of that poor boy were like himself perishing with hunger in a garret."

"You did quite right, Edme; and in future let me be a sharer in your works of charity, as you shall from this day be in my business."

Some years after this, M. de Poilly retired from business, and went to reside in England. Edme Champion then became head of one of the first establishments in Paris, and married Mademoiselle Jobbé, the daughter of a jeweller in Versailles, who, though she did not bring him much worldly wealth, was possessed of many estimable qualities both of mind and heart. By a series of those vicissitudes to which commercial people are always exposed, and which the revolution of 1793 rendered almost universal, Champion lost all that it had taken him years of labour to acquire. Summoning religion and fortitude to his aid, he determined to commence the world again, without applying to any person for assistance. He was surprised one morning by a visit from M. Bellancourt, the engraver, a person with whom he had scarcely any acquaintance.

"Monsieur Champion," said he, "I understand that you have shared in the general ruin, and are become a bankrupt. You will require capital to recommence your business. I have 80,000 francs which are at your service."

"Sir," replied Champion, much astonished, "I have no security to offer you for such a sum."

"Pardon me, sir, you have the very best that I could get—your character; and for the interest of my money, I solicit your friendship."

It would be pleasing if we could more frequently meet with traits of this kind, men holding each other in such high esteem that one would entrust his wealth to the integrity of another, and that other holding his word to be as sacred as his bond.

The brilliant court of Bonaparte brought precious stones and jewellery of every description into such request that Champion speedily more than recovered his losses. To exemplary probity, indefatigable industry, and strict economy, Champion was indebted for that fortune of which he made so noble a use. There can be few in Paris who have not heard of that mysterious person who for many years was designated by the title of the man *au Petit Manteau Bleu*; that person whom the first frosts of winter brought upon Pont-Neuf, with bollers of hot soup and vegetables, cartloads of wood, and many other comforts for the poor, which he distributed with his own hands. He selected this spot as the scene of his benevolent exertions, in commemoration of its being the place where he had first enjoyed the happiness of being able to relieve a fellow-creature. The name of Edme Champion will long live in the hearts of thousands whom it has been his privilege to relieve; and if it has not acquired a brilliant celebrity, it has

obtained what must have been more satisfactory to his own feelings, and more acceptable to his Divine Master, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish." The man in the little blue mantle was at his post but a short time since; unlike the swallows that appear in spring, and depart with the fine weather, it was the severe weather that brought him out. It was not at the parties of the rich, or the houses of the great that he was to be found, but amidst those who were suffering and who required his aid; it was on Pont-Neuf, surrounded and blessed by those whose misery he was relieving. He purchased all the woods which surround Châtel-Censoir, and the cuttings of these woods were distributed to the poor. In 1832, he was presented with the cross of the Legion of Honour.\*

Monsieur Champion died, since the above was written, in the early part of June, 1852, after a few days' illness, aged 89 years, deeply and deservedly lamented. His little blue mantle, so well known to the poor of Paris, decorated his coffin.

The above biography was published, he may observe, during his life time by Madame Foa, who it is supposed was a friend of Edme Champion, and therefore in a position to know the singular facts of his history.

#### THE FIRM OF MESSRS. SPINNERS & CO.

It is the middle of October; the days are shorter than the nights, and admonitory symptoms of approaching winter are perceptible in the chilly atmosphere. In our little suburban garden, things have within the last few weeks assumed a new appearance; the flowerets are dying or dead, and the walks are covered with brown leaves, sodden with the showers of day-time and the dews of night. With the exception of one laggard nasturtium, which droops its head abashed, like a tardy guest arrived after the feast is over, not a single blossom is to be seen worth looking at. The starchy chrysanthemum has not yet condescended to come forth; she waits until the night of winter shall

\* An idea of Edme Champion's charities may be formed from the following account of him which appeared a short time ago in a contemporary periodical:—"The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, 'Ah, here comes the little blue mantle. We are going to get something to eat!' Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialties. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely; force him severely into a warm woollen waistcoat; and, before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs. A little half-congealed atomy of a girl would be crying on a door-step, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinent she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwanted luxury of a whole pair of shoes. I need not say that this man was adored by the poor; that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed (with perfect French bombast), but with perfect sincerity, 'And it is possible that such a man can walk on earth?' He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle."

have set in, when she will shine alone. A few cloudy and rainy days have prevented our usual morning "turn in the garden," and we are struck with the remarkable change that has taken place. Yet it is one which we have often noticed as regularly occurring at this time of the year—not the falling of the leaves, the withering of the flowers, and such-like autumnal manifestations—we do not refer to these, but to a phenomenon invariably accompanying them, though much less generally observed. To describe the change we refer to in a few words—our little floral paradise is suddenly transformed into the manufactory, or rather the slaughterhouse of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. These long-legged gentry, commonly known as garden spiders, have taken possession of it *en masse*, and with a grand and manifold display of geometric talent, have hung out their all but invisible banners in every direction. From every bush and herb and withering flower; from every projecting twig of the vine, where the small black grapes are ripening slowly, to perish by the first frost ere they are worth the gathering; from every creeper on the wall, and every dry stick stuck upright in the mould, there hangs a dew-fringed iris-coloured disk of network, brilliant this damp morning with all the hues of the rainbow; and each one guarded in the centre, or it may be in the cavity of a neighbouring leaf, which he has cabled up in the form of a cylinder, by a black, motionless, and big-bellied member of the Spinners' Company. The insects have had it all their own way in the garden during the long summer months, and now the spiders are taking *their* turn. There is, however, no necessity for attributing to the tribe of spinners the virtue of abstinence during the hot months. They are an industrious fraternity, and they have done as much business as they could. But now is their especial business season; they always rejoice in an influx of custom just as the watering-places go out of fashion, and comfortable people begin to pack themselves up for the winter. They live by carrying on war against the insect races, and their strategy is that of a cunning general who defers his grand attack until the foe is already weakened by famine or adverse circumstances. In October, Mr. Moth is as drowsy as a glutton after dinner, and as feeble as a medical patient under a dose of morphia. Mr. Blue-bottle, too, is in a state of lackadaisical bewilderment, and spends half the day on the sunny side of a wall, rubbing his nose with his criss-crossed feelers, feeling in all his pockets with all his legs, and wondering apparently what is to turn up next. Our venerable friend, old father Longlegs, is grown a complete cripple; his six spindle shanks transformed into a set of unmanageable crutches, upon which he hobbles with a most ungenteel gait when his failing wings can no longer support him in the air. As for the rabble of gnats and house-flies and such small deer, having made no sort of provision for the winter which they feel coming upon them, their hearts are dying within them, and they are completely at their wits' end. Now, then, the Messrs. Spinners, like prudent managers, "come out strong." They step forth in the shape of an armed intervention, to settle the affairs of embarrassed gentlemen who have got into difficulties through want of prudence during the "long vaca-

tion." They issue their *capias ad respondendum* in the appropriate form of an invisible net; and no sooner does the suit thus commenced result in a *habeas corpus*, than—how unlike the torturing progress of human litigation—there is an end of the case at once—*habeas corpus* being the consummation of all processes in the Spinners' court of law.

Before taking a nearer glance at the doings of the formidable and ferocious fraternity of spiders, it may be as well to look for a moment at the apparatus with which they are provided to ensnare their winged victims. Everybody is familiar with the appearance of the spider's web; but everybody is not aware that, though composed of threads so minute as to be almost invisible, and singly barely visible to the touch, yet each of these threads is a combination of as many or more strands as go to the composition of the strongest ship's cable. The spider's spinning apparatus is situated in the lower part of the abdomen, and consists of four minute barrel-shaped spinnarets, and, beneath them, a pair of jointed feeler-like appendages. The extremity of each of the two upper spinnarets is a flattened circumference, pierced with innumerable holes like a colander, through each of which a filament is drawn during the formation of a thread. The construction of the two lower spinnarets is different; for although these are in like manner perforated with numerous apertures resembling those in the upper ones, they are also provided with prominent tubes, from each of which a thread is likewise furnished. Within the body of the spider are a number of bags filled with liquid silk, which at the pleasure of the insect can be made to exude through the orifices above described. When, therefore, the creature wishes to form a rope, it simply applies the ends of its spinnarets to a fixed object, and drawing a filament of fluid silk through every pore, its line of course consists of so many threads as there are holes in the perforated plates of its four barrel-like colanders. The spider is further capable of spinning ropes of different qualities. It has been ascertained that the spiral lines of the garden-spinner's net are both highly adhesive and elastic, while the radii and the boundary line are inadhesive and but slightly elastic. A little reflection will suggest the reason why the spider has been provided with a rope of such complex construction, while in the case of other insects a single thread drawn from the orifice of a single tube, is sufficient for all the required purposes. The silk, it must be remembered, is in a fluid state in the body of either insect. The slow-moving caterpillar, as it leisurely produces its silken cord, gives time enough for the fluid of which it is formed to harden by degrees, as it issues by instalments from the labial pipe; but the habits of the spider require a very different mode of proceeding, as its line must be *instantly* converted from a fluid into a strong rope, or it would be of no use to bind the captive prey. It is for this reason, doubtless, that his rope is subdivided into numerous filaments, so attenuated as we have seen them to be, that no time is lost in the drying, and that they at once harden into solidity ready for immediate service. The feet of the spider are constructed upon a plan singularly suitable to his circumstances. Each foot is armed with strong horny claws furnished

along their under surface with bent teeth. By means of this apparatus he is able to dispose of his rope as it issues from the spinnarets; and also to suspend himself by an almost invisible line, which he can coil up or let out at pleasure, with a readiness and facility perfectly marvellous to witness.

We will now, with the reader's permission, return to our friends in the garden, and see what they are about. Here is a fine portly spinner, with a back of Vandyke-brown, varied with gray and bright yellow spots; he hangs "quiet as a stone" in the centre of his broad net, suspended mainly by his front pair of legs, as you can see by the extra tension of the elastic cross-bars upon which he bears the most of his weight. You see as we touch with this straw the outer bounding line and the long ropes more than a yard in length, which strengthen the whole fabric, and fasten it to the wall on one side and the rose-tree on the other, that we do not disturb him; at least, he takes no notice. Observe, too, that the straw comes readily away from these straight lines; you may touch any of the radii in any part without injuring the web; but if we touch either of the spiral lines, it adheres to the straw, and the web is rent in withdrawing it. There! the experiment has disturbed the spinner; he apprehends danger, and is making off; he is not, however, much frightened, and merely shelters himself in the cavity of a curled leaf until we shall have passed on, when he will come back again.

But come this way! here we are just in time to witness a battle-royal, but it will be one of cunning and confidence against rashness and despair. An over-gorged flesh-fly is caught by the shoulder of one wing in the viscid and elastic web which a crafty spinner has carried, by the aid of a projecting twig, above the level of the garden wall. He is thrashing away with all his might, agitating the vine-leaves to which the net is fastened, and has already rent away several square inches of the snare. Master Spinner, however, is darting round him in every direction, with the rapidity of an arrow, and with an agility of which you would not have thought his heavy body capable. Now the thrashing noise is hushed; that frantic wing which occasioned it is bound down with a dozen invisible threads strong as death, and veritable bands of fate to the luckless captive. Still he does not give it up, but struggles manfully with his legs and with convulsive throes of his body, that threaten to shake the web to pieces. Mr. Spinner now runs to the other side of his net, and confronts the kicking legs. He knows well enough what to do with them. A few turns backwards and forwards, and the recalcitrant members are fixed as firmly in the stocks as if a parish beadle had been employed for the purpose. The struggles of the poor captive are reduced now to a series of agonising throes and heavings with his body, expressive of the horrible anticipation of his fast-impending fate. The executioner, however, soon relieves him from his despairing agonies. Placing himself face to face with the pinioned victim, and in a manner embracing him, as it were, with his fatal arms, he plunges the sharp fangs of his murderous mouth into his breast, and sucks the life-blood from his quivering body. But all, be it remarked, is by no means over: it is now between nine and ten in the



morning; the slaughtering spinner has ensnared and subdued his victim, and has settled himself down to the enjoyment of a feast which will endure the best part of the live-long day. If you come again at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, it is ten to one but you find him still sucking away at the shrunken and exhausted carcase. So soon as it is drained dry, and no longer of any use to the spider, he will sever the confining threads, and the first breath of wind that blows will clear his web of the empty shell.

Let us leave him to his enjoyment, which, sanguinary as it is, it is not clear that we have any right to disturb, and pay a little attention to the operations of his neighbour, Spinner No. 2, who happens to be overloaded with business, having to attend upon two customers at once. A lively blue-bottle, and a common house-fly, have both blundered into the snare together. Mr. Spinner, who does business very much upon the system prevalent in human establishments, attends first upon the personage of most importance. The blustering blue-bottle, always a noisy and pretentious fellow, and now in a state of especial fury, is speedily reduced to the rules of good behaviour by the delicate restraints which Mr. Spinner knows so well how to administer. Being well swaddled up, like a kicking baby after a cold bath, he is left for a few minutes to plunge about as he best can, while Spinner turns his attention to the house-fly, who being a customer in a much smaller way, is not honoured by any very protracted ceremony. It is not worth while to waste any of his valuable web upon a victim who has not strength to resist; so he takes him at once in his arms, just as we have sometimes seen a very small child take a very big pitcher in both hands to drink from it, and drains him dry with a few sucks. Having thus whetted his appetite, he is off again to the blue-bottle, to whose mortal struggles he puts a speedy end, *secundum artem*.

The next member of this prosperous company with whom we have to deal, is an impudent fellow who has built up his geometrical trap right in our path, fencing off the whole gravel walk, and blocking up our way as though he had laid himself out to catch a blue jacket instead of a blue-bottle. We shall teach him manners and modesty, and shall act upon the law in such cases made and provided, and which was laid down long ago by Cowper in *The Task*. With just such fellows as these spinners in his eye, the poet says:—

"If man's convenience, health,  
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs."

There! that's as good as "crown's quest law," and we shall proceed to enforce it; but seeing that it is doubtful whether under present circumstances the bard, who had a tender heart, would have doomed the intruder to death, we shall give him the benefit of the doubt, and content ourselves with watching how he will behave himself when his handiwork is destroyed. Presto! with a couple of whirls of our walking-stick, the whole wondrous web has disappeared, being wound round the top of it. Quick as thought, poor Spinner, struck with mortal fear, has swung himself down to the ground, and showing four fair pairs of

heels, is scuttling, straddling, and scrambling away as fast he can get over the ground. But now mark the marvellous sagacity of the creature: he seems to know that his liberal display of long legs in helter-skelter motion is more likely to attract attention, which may be death to him, than no motion at all. He seems to know too, in fact he does know, there is no doubt of it, that he is himself of a dark brown, almost a black colour, while the gravel upon which he has alighted is nearer to a light yellow. What does he do? Look at him! he scampers by the nearest possible route off the light-coloured gravel to the little fringe of brown mould beneath the box border, and then suddenly drawing in and concealing every one of his long legs as effectually as if he had pocketed them, he throws himself upon his back, and simulates a small pebble or lump of mould so perfectly, that you would never dream that he was anything else, if you had not watched the manœuvre. Let him alone, however, and he will turn to his feet before long, and steal off, all the wiser for his experience, and construct a new snare in a safer place.

But we pass on to another member of the firm, who has got a job in hand for which it is pretty plain, though he is the biggest we have yet seen, that he has no stomach. What makes him stand aloof upon the boundary line of his web, under a rose leaf, watching the devastation of his labours without moving a finger to prevent it? Ha, ha! he has caught a Tartar. A poor, half-starved, half-frozen, miserable outcast of a wasp has wandered unconsciously into the trap, and Mr. Spinner, for divers good and sufficient reasons, declines to welcome the unwished-for guest. Some how or other, he does not relish the look of him; perhaps he smells daggers, and knows that marauder wasp wears a weapon; at any rate, he gives him a wide berth, and looks quietly on while one strand after another of his filmy edifice is rent away, and the whole is going fast into ruin. Whiz! the wasp is off at last, and away with him flies the best half of the interior portion of the web, leaving a wreck of broken ropes dangling in the air, which will furnish employment for Mr. Spinner for the next hour in repairing them.

The next web that we come to, appears to be deserted by its owner, but on a careful search we discover him comfortably sheltered in one of the leaves of the vine, which he has transformed by means of some hundreds of cables judiciously applied, into a neat penthouse impervious to the rain, having drawn the edges of the leaf together, and bound them down in the shape of a green funnel closed at one end, the other opening towards his snare. There he is inside clasping in his deadly arms a poor lady-bird who never got into his web, but whom he doubtless hunted down in a foray among the vine-leaves. But look here! Here is a spectacle far more remarkable. Another of these cormorant garden spinners has abandoned his web for a time, and, at a distance of near a foot from it, is standing upon the level arena of a broad leaf, measuring with his eye the thews and sinews of a hunting-spider quite as large as himself, with the exception of his unwieldy belly. The hunter, a lean, savage, and active fellow, is determined upon the attack. He flies at his breast with the rapidity

of a shot, and retreats again as rapidly, having perhaps inflicted a slight scratch or wound. He repeats the attack a dozen times, and a dozen times escapes the spinner's attempt to grapple him. Spinner, not apparently relishing these repeated thrusts, draws in his legs, and reared on end, presents them, woven into a kind of basket-work, as a shield to the assaults of the enemy; at the same time he counterfeits fear and retreats a full inch nearer to his web. The hunter, too, takes up new ground, and renews his attacks with greater audacity, wearying himself with fruitless headlong assaults. At length he pauses for a moment to take breath. Now is the spinner's opportunity; he plunges upon him with outstretched arms; the other rears up to receive him; their sixteen hairy limbs are locked fast in the death struggle: kicking, biting, twisting, writhing, and plunging over and over, it seems for a few moments doubtful as to which is the better man; but the web of the spinner, like the net of the gladiator in the circus of old Rome, decides the battle. You can see a complete cloud of thin gauze-like threads issuing from Spinner's ropery, in which the poor hunter becomes soon so completely wrapped up that his struggles are no longer discernible. The battle is over, and the victor taking his prey, in the shape of a gray bundle almost as big as himself in his arms, hurries with it to the centre of his web, and, like a greedy cannibal as he is, addresses himself at once to the feast of blood.

We can notice but the doings of one more member of this celebrated firm. He, beyond all the others, is most fortunate this morning, having just made a grand catch of a monster daddy long-legs, which we should imagine is of all fish the biggest that comes to the spider's net. Further, he is a sort of insect whom having once caught, there is no danger of losing again. There are many of the larger insects which, like the flesh-fly and the blue-bottle, would burst away from the spider's snare in a very few seconds, were it not for the toils which are instantly wound round them by the watchful hunter. Not so with the crane-fly, or father long-legs: the more he kicks and plunges about with his unwieldy shanks and flusters with his gauze-like wings, the deeper he gets into it, and the less chance there is of his escape. Mr. Spinner still does not neglect him on that account; but he sets about his business with more deliberation, and with far more appearance at least of system, than strikes us in his dealings with the others. You observe that he walks round him at a considerable distance, and if you watch him closely, you will see that the long legs of the struggling creature become bound down one at a time, parallel with and close to his writhing body, until the whole six are thus securely bestowed. The wings are fast glued to the viscid cross lines of the web. The poor wretch still twists and turns his long trunk in the toils, and all the while the spider is wrapping it up in a shroud of web-work until it is as completely covered as was ever the mummy of Cheops in the great Egyptian pyramid. Not till the whole of this business is carefully performed, and poor daddy, buried alive, has assumed the aspect of a chrysalis in his silken cocoon, does the spinner pause in his work, or deign to inflict the deadly wound.

The garden-spiders rarely build their snares very high; a distance of from three to five feet above the ground seems to be their average range, though occasionally they are met with much higher. This precaution is perhaps taken on account of the birds. Be this as it may, we have seen a hungry cock-robin dart at a fly while the spider was dealing with him, and carry him off, with spinner dangling below. It is curious that, though the garden-spider devours gnats, there is a larger species of fly which, though it often becomes entangled in his web, he never touches, but leaves to struggle out if it can, or to die of starvation if it cannot; we have watched them and have known them for days together in the snare, and have often released them alive without disturbing the spider from his lair. The fly we speak of is small and exceedingly elegant in shape, and so infinitesimally light, that it will walk about leisurely, as we have seen it do, upon the convex surfaces of the bubbles swimming on porter, without breaking them.

The operations of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. continue but for a short period, which is always very much dependent upon the state of the weather. Jack Frost is the grand wholesale dealer in insect life. His approach strikes them dumb; and then the spinners shut-up shop, and retire to their winter retreats.

The spiders have but a very indifferent character among naturalists. They are stigmatized as murderers throughout their whole career. But they have their favourable qualities, or at least one quality of this character. If the female sometimes devours her husband—as she will do, if he dares approach her when she is not in a good humour—she is, on the other hand, devoted to her offspring: she lugs them about with her wherever she goes, so long as they are unable to provide for themselves, and rather than forsake them she will die in their defence.\*

#### A VISIT TO SPIKE ISLAND.

THE harbour of Cork has long been celebrated for its picturesque beauty, as well as for its perfect security as a haven for ships. The beautiful river Lee, from the time that it takes its silvery rise amongst the romantic solitudes of Gongane Barra until it mingles its clear bright waters with the ocean, winds its smiling way between banks of unsurpassed loveliness. The harbour, which stretches out in a broad and ample expanse of water in front of Cove (called Queenstown since the visit of her majesty in 1849), is about six miles in length and three in breadth. The principal island in it is Spike. This contains 180 acres, and directly faces the entrance of the harbour, for the defence of which it had been strongly fortified. In the seventeenth century it belonged to the Roche and Galway families, in Cork, by whom it was forfeited in

\* Young readers are apt to be perplexed at the appearance of cruelty in nature, such as seems to exist in the arrangements of spiders as a class in creation; but it must be remembered that spiders keep down the excess of insect life, and that the death of their victims, being almost instantaneous, is attended with only a momentary pain.



the great Rebellion of 1641. On the accession of Charles II an order was made for its restoration; but the "law's delay," and the tenacity with which the new occupant held, baffled all efforts for its recovery. In 1698, Joost, earl of Albemarle, who had obtained a grant thereof, conveyed to William Smith of Ballymore 56 acres of the lands of Spike Island, the estate of Arthur Galway, attainted. The government purchased it, at the commencement of the French war, from Nicholas Filton. In 1791, Fort Westmoreland battery, intended to mount 100 guns, was commenced, and, in 1806, the barracks were erected. Enormous sums were expended in fortifying the island, yet the only use made of it for many years was as a barrack for a small garrison.

Not very long since, government conceived the plan of converting this most salubrious spot into a convict depôt, or rather a penal settlement for the confinement and reformation of criminals. Large buildings adapted to the purpose were speedily erected, and an admirable system of discipline, and instruction in various branches of industrial employment, organized. On landing at the island, a wide sloping road conducts the visitor to the strongly-secured entrance gate of the prison, which, but for its security, is so light, airy, and cheerful-looking, that it scarcely seems to deserve that dismal name. Bounding three sides of a vast quadrangle, are the buildings devoted to the prisoners' accommodation. In my life I never saw any place kept in such perfect order, and so exquisitely clean. The whitest deal table, the housewife's pride in the neatest cottage in England, would be put to shame by the woodwork in the dormitories, lavatories, and eating-rooms; while, in the latter, the tins and platters were so lustrous in their unsullied purity that they seemed to impart quite an epicurean flavour to the excellent brown bread and sweet milk, the prison fare. In the dormitories, the bedding was neatly, and with more than naval precision, rolled up in each compartment; while it was pleasant to see a small collection of well-chosen books (some of them works of devotion) appropriated to each convict. The school-room, used on Sundays as a place of worship, is a large airy apartment; and in it the juvenile prisoners, indeed all who cannot read, are instructed in the rudiments of useful knowledge.

The first reflection that occurred to me and my companions, as we entered it, was:—"Well! there is a great deal of truth in phrenology!" Assuredly a worse or more degraded-looking set of heads, over some of whom scarcely eleven summers had passed, were never collected together to justify the creed of Gall and Spurzheim. One sullen-looking lad of twelve, with fierce yet downcast eyes, was there to expiate the crime of murder. But, as our conductor informed us, the majority of these young offenders had been used as the tools of older villains, put in through window-panes to aid in house-breaking, etc., and good hopes were entertained of their reformation. Some of them, the deputy-governor told us, while his eyes sparkled with benevolent pleasure, had, on the expiration of their term of punishment, emigrated to Australia, there become virtuous and industrious characters, and written grateful letters to him, saying that they owed their present prosperity to the lessons

of religion and practice of industry required at Spike Island.

The range of workshops presented a busy and interesting scene. All the clothing, including shoes and stockings, worn by the convicts is manufactured by themselves. Rope mats, and various other articles, are made for sale; the produce forming a fund for bestowal on the best-behaved at their liberation. Each convict, at his entrance, is given his choice as to what handicraft he will learn, and that he is obliged to pursue with regular industry; so that many an ignorant boy, whom sheer idleness has tempted into vice, leaves the prison with a complete knowledge of some useful trade. A number of the prisoners are employed, of course under careful surveillance, in out-door manual labour, perfecting the government works, throwing up mounds, etc.

Let it not be thought that the prisoners are treated with undue softness or indulgence. On the contrary, the unvaried though wholesome food, the silence required to be maintained during the greater part of the day, the continued and enforced occupation, above all, the restraint and total deprivation of liberty, are sufficiently unpleasant, to a set of reckless, vicious, idle Irishmen, to render the settlement what it ought to be—penal.

Amongst the elder convicts I remarked one fine-looking old man, whose placid countenance and venerable white hair made one feel that he was not a fit associate for those around him. When out of his hearing, I asked what his crime had been.

"Ah! poor creature!" was the reply; "it would be hard to call him a thief. In the time of the black potatoes, the hard dreadful famine times, he stole a sheep, to keep himself and his family from dying of starvation. Of course, when he was convicted, he was sent here as a punishment; but we don't consider him a common thief. Before this he always bore an excellent character, and so he will again, we trust, when he gets out."

Owing to the admirable sanitary arrangements at Spike, and the great salubrity of the air, it is a remarkably healthy prison, and convicts in bad health are frequently drafted thither from other parts of the kingdom. Altogether it is a very interesting spot to visit, and so secure, as a place of confinement, that although the convicts are allowed to bathe daily in the sea, but *one* instance, I believe, has been known of a prisoner succeeding in effecting his escape.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE event which the laws of human life have long been admonishing us to look for, but which the public mind has been reluctant to entertain, came to pass suddenly and unexpectedly. The great Duke, the hero of a hundred fights, has departed to his long home. The warrior, who braved peril and confronted death in a thousand shapes, has died at last, in advanced old age, peacefully in his own house, far from the din and tumult of battle, the bustle of the court, and the strife of the senate. His name, more than that of any other man, living or dead, has been for the last fifty years a household word, and his decease has created a void which no other name can fill.

Arthur Wellesley was the son of the Right Honourable Earl and Countess of Mornington, and was born in the latter end of April or the beginning of May, 1769. His father died in 1781, and the care of the future hero devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the task. By her direction he was sent to Eton College, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers in France. In March, 1787, being then in his eighteenth year, he received his first commission as an ensign in the 73rd regiment of foot. In the same year he moved as lieutenant to the 76th, and was afterwards transferred to the 41st foot and the 12th light dragoons successively. In June, 1791, he obtained a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th light dragoons. At length, in April, 1793, he obtained his majority in the 33rd, which he commanded personally through the early stages of his career. He owed his rapid promotions, it may be supposed, to his family connections. Before he had witnessed active warfare, he was returned (in 1790) to the Irish parliament, for the family borough of Trim. It was not till the spring of 1794, when he was twenty-five years old, that he embarked for the continent, at the head of his regiment, for actual service. His first practical lesson in arms was one of adversity; and his first military operation was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The allied powers were driven by the French republicans to a disastrous retreat into Westphalia, whence the British embarked on board their ships. In this retreat, Wellesley, with his 33rd regiment, occupied the post of honour, the rearguard.

In the spring of 1796, the 33rd received instructions to embark for Bengal; and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta, to commence those memorable campaigns by which the British empire in the east was finally established. By a singular coincidence, his brother, Lord Mornington, was nominated to the governor-generalship of India, a few months after his arrival out. The brothers met at Calcutta in 1798. Then followed the famous war resulting in the death of Tippoo and the capture of Seringapatam, in which the future conqueror of Napoleon first won consideration and renown. By midsummer of the following year the capital had fallen, and Wellesley, having succeeded to the chief command, was virtually governor of Mysore. The year 1800 witnessed the summary rout and extinction of the desperado Doondiah, "king of the two worlds." Towards the end of this year, Colonel Wellesley received the command of a force collected in Ceylon, intended in some way to check the demonstrations of Napoleon in Egypt against our eastern possessions; but, from a misunderstanding, his proceedings while in command of this force were condemned and himself superseded. He returned to his command in Mysore. We have no space to enter upon the details of the Mahratta war, which was virtually decided by the desperate daring of Wellesley at the battle of Assaye, where the enemy numbered at least five to one, and where the slaughter among the British force was at one time so terrific, that of a company consisting of fifty men and their officers, six only were not struck down by the fire of the enemy. This battle was

fought in the autumn of 1803. In the subsequent war, with Holcar and Scindiah, Wellesley took no active part. He sailed on his return to England in the spring of 1805, and arrived here in September, having earned a major-generalship, the knighthood of the Bath, and the thanks of the king and parliament.

In 1807, Sir Arthur set out in command of the military operations in the expedition to Copenhagen, where he routed the Danes at Kioge, taking 1500 prisoners; and afterwards managed the negotiations for the capitulation of the city.

In the year following, the British ministry had resolved upon an expedition to the Peninsular territories, with the view of further stimulating the patriotic resistance, which had been unexpectedly displayed by the inhabitants, against the audacious rapacity of Napoleon. Sir Arthur was nominated to the command, and having succeeded in landing his troops, defeated the French generals Laborde and Loison on the heights of Rolica, on the 17th of August; thus winning the first in the long series of victories which cleared the Peninsula of invaders. He was, however, almost immediately after the battle of Vimiera, superseded by the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, and he returned to England towards the end of September to resume his seat in parliament. His absence from the seat of war was marked by signal disasters to the Peninsular forces, the fatal retreat of Moore's army to Corunna, and the possession of the Portuguese capital by the French. The national pride of the English was much mortified at these reverses, and they instinctively turned their eyes to Sir Arthur Wellesley, as the only man at once capable and confident of reviving the lustre of the British arms. Again he set out for the Peninsula, intrusted with the conduct of the campaign, and soon, in the face of every difficulty, re-established the ascendancy of the British. We have neither space nor inclination to detail the events of the war in which England was fairly pitted against France upon the soil of Spain, nor is it necessary that we should do so. Talavera, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, the Douro, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Toulouse: these are syllables that sufficiently recal to our memories the deeds of Wellington—of a man who was never daunted by difficulty or dismayed by misfortune, but who, in spite of both, never "flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England, after witnessing the downfall of the French capital." The careful reader of history is not slow to discern that it was in the plains of the Peninsula that the independence of Europe was won. It was there, for the first time, that the legions of Napoleon were consecutively defeated, and lost the prestige of invincibility which had enabled him to dictate to the sovereigns of the continent. The early successes of Wellington may be said to have begotten the reverses of the Russian campaign and the final overthrow of the French emperor, inasmuch as they showed how he might be conquered by the union of skill and fortitude.

Sir Arthur returned home in 1814, to reap the rewards and honours due to his courage and sagacity. Talavera had made him a baron and a vis-

count; Ciudad Rodrigo an earl, Salamanca a marquis, and Vittoria a duke; and as these honours had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England. But he had yet to add the climax to his military reputation, by a more signal triumph than any which he had won upon the fields of Spain. While the allied sovereigns were disputing over the trophies of their arms, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and at the head of his veterans was advancing with an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz. Wellington, at the head of the English contingent, hastened to Belgium to meet him; and there, upon the plains of Waterloo, won that crowning victory which finally demolished the power of Napoleon, and restored Europe to a peace which has now endured for nearly forty years. The history and the results of that memorable conflict are familiar to the minds of Englishmen, and we are not called upon to detail them here. The battle of Waterloo terminated the military career of the great captain of the age.

We have now briefly to glance at the conduct of the Duke of Wellington as a senator and a subject. In this review, two things stand prominently forth, namely, his indifference to public report, favourable or unfavourable, and his adherence to what he conscientiously believed to be his duty, even against the cherished opinions either of himself or his party. His political principles were highly conservative, and when the domestic troubles which agitated this country soon after the cessation of the war, drew upon the Tory party the odium of the populace, the duke shared it with them. The people, under the influence of demagogues and mob-leaders, were seduced to the committal of violent excesses; they hatched chimerical plots, and spoke treason at their meetings. The government, on the other hand, was perhaps as unsparing as the poor were reckless and disloyal: they opposed disaffection by artillery and special commissions; they dispersed out-door assemblies by charges of cavalry, and hung up rioters and felons on the same gallows. They became very unpopular, and of their unpopularity the duke, from his known intimate connection with Lord Castlereagh, bore a large share. At the accession of Mr. Canning to the premiership, the duke, feeling that he could not co-operate with one who was a liberal by principle, resigned his seat in the cabinet; and further, laid at the king's feet the master-generalship of the ordnance, and the commandership-in-chief to which he had succeeded at the death of the Duke of York. He opposed upon principle the free-trade measures of Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson, and drew upon himself the charge of intriguing for the premiership—a charge from which he exculpated himself with much pains in the House of Lords, declaring that he was disqualified for the part of prime minister, and "that he should be mad to think of it." Yet, when Canning had died in the fourth month of his office—and a subsequent administration under Lord Goderich had been tried, and failed—he, at the instance of the perplexed sovereign (George IV), allowed himself to be gazetted as prime minister

of England, within eight months after the declaration above alluded to. He had now to deal with three great questions, with regard to each of which it may be fairly said that he held opinions which were averse to any material change. These questions were those of religious disabilities, of free trade in corn, and of parliamentary reform. After resisting the popular demand for some time, he passed the Roman Catholic Relief Bill through the House of Lords, in the session of 1829, and it received the royal assent shortly after.

In the following year came the French Revolution, the news of which again awoke the cry for parliamentary reform, and occasioned the fall of the duke's government. He was succeeded by Lord Grey. When, in March, 1832, the Reform Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, by a majority of nine, the duke, with seventy-four other peers, entered his protest on the journals. The opposition was, however, forced to yield by the decision of king William IV, and the bill was passed, and received the royal assent on the 7th of June, 1832. On the 15th of November in the same year, the reform ministry having broken up, the duke was directed by the king to form a new administration, when he recommended the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the premiership—the duke holding the seals of the three secretaries of state until the cabinet was filled up, after which he took the direction of the foreign affairs. Early in 1834, his grace was unanimously elected Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville, deceased. His popularity, which had suffered to such an extent through his opposition to the Reform Bill that the populace shamefully endeavoured to assault him, now speedily returned, and remained undiminished to the end of his life. His reception by the people at the coronation of the queen, in 1837, was warm and enthusiastic. On that occasion he dined with his old antagonist Marshal Soult, at the Guildhall; the healths of the two warriors were drunk together, and they complimented each other in the warmest manner.

Lord Melbourne resigning in 1839, the queen sent for the duke, and again, at his suggestion, commissioned Sir Robert Peel to form a ministry; but her majesty refusing to dismiss the ladies of her household, the Whigs returned to office. On the 15th of August, 1841, Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, through ill health, and the duke, returning once more to that important post, retained it to the period of his decease.

The career of the Duke of Wellington, through the whole of his long life, exemplified in a remarkable degree the preponderating influence of duty over every other consideration. It was his maxim, that "it is the duty of the wise man to choose the easier of the difficulties which beset him." Thus, though he withstood to the utmost of his power many important changes in the policy of this country, it was clearly from a sense of duty that he withstood them; but these changes having become laws, he declared that "he considered it his duty not only to submit to them, but to endeavour to carry their provisions into execution by every means in his power." His practical good sense led him thus to act; and it speaks volumes for the nobility of his character, that a man who had occupied so high a position in the eyes of the world,



could bow with such a grace to the demands of a policy which he had opposed.

The last appearance of the duke in public was on the occasion of the dissolution of Parliament, when he was seen in his place, bearing the sword of state. His last remarkable speech was in the House of Lords, when he came forward to signify his approbation of Sir Harry Smith's conduct of the Kaffir war.

He was residing at Walmer Castle at the time of his death. Only a few days previously he rode over to Dover, a distance of ten or twelve miles, on horseback, and there, in his capacity of Lord Warden, had inspected the works in progress at the harbour of refuge. He seemed in excellent health and spirits, and no one augured aught of the approaching calamity. He died, however, three days afterwards, after a succession of fits, on Tuesday, the 14th of September, at a quarter past three in the afternoon. He has left behind him two sons, Arthur Marquis of Douro, now second Duke of Wellington, and Lord Charles Wellesley, M.P. for Windsor.

We have been thus concise in sketching the leading events of the life of this great man, in order that we might leave room, in the narrow limits assigned us, to contemplate him if possible under the influence of circumstances calculated to reveal to us, more intimately than they can be gathered from his public history, some phases of his private and personal character. The triumphant commander, the arbiter of war, the stern senator, the counsellor of sovereigns—the iron Duke—stands too far aloof from our common sympathies. We claim a human relationship with the great departed, and in support of that claim we seek in his past deeds some touch of nature which “makes the whole world kin.” If we mistake not, the search will not be in vain. Let the reader go along with us.

The scene is the Mahratta territory in India—the time, the middle of summer in the year 1800. The desperate, plundering, and piratical rajah Doondiah Waugh, taking advantage of the temporary confusion caused by the capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, has gathered around him a lawless host, consisting of freebooters and disbanded soldiers from the wreck of Tippoo's army. He has already plundered the rich province of Bednore with merciless severity, during the paralysis of government consequent upon the fall of the Mysore dynasty; and though he has encountered some checks from the operations of the British forces sent against him, he is still in the field, and daily augmenting his army by bands of roving adventurers attracted by the prospect of plunder. Arthur Wellesley, aware of the necessity of dissipating this horde of robbers, takes the field against it with two regiments of British and two of native dragoons. Doondiah, proud of a recent victory over a body of Mahratta horse, is progressing rapidly in the formation of a dynasty, and has already assumed the title of “king of the two worlds.” But Colonel Wellesley is upon his track, and advancing with a rapidity unheard of over the burning sands and waterless plains of India, storms one garrison, carries another by escalade, routs one division of his army, capturing all the baggage

and artillery—and at length comes up with Doondiah himself, who, at the head of five thousand horse, is marching deliberately to the westward, little dreaming of the redoubtable foe so close at hand. Wellesley's force consisted in all but of twelve hundred men; but he advanced instantly to the attack against an enemy quadruple his own numbers. The marauders quailed before the charge of the British cavalry, their whole army was dispersed in the pursuit, and Doondiah himself slain—an event which at once terminated the war. His body was carried back in triumph to the British camp. But there was a certain item of the spoil destined to speak more loudly in praise of the conqueror than the body of the slain rajah. This was a little boy of four years old, the innocent son of the dead desperado. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

Again: it is near midnight, on the 7th of April, 1812; the scene is outside the walls of Badajoz, which the army of Wellington have been for the last nineteen days besieging. Practicable breaches have been made by the storming cannon; and it has been resolved that to-night the place shall be carried by assault. Already the war and tumult of carnage have commenced. The doomed city appears enveloped in one mass of flame; torrents of fire stream from every battlement and loophole; the blast of mortars, the crash of shells, the sharp shot of musketry, mingled with the mad hurrahs of the besiegers and the groans of the maimed and wounded, fill the night air with a horrible and deafening roar too fearful for the imagination to conceive. Under the terrible fire from the ramparts, and the frightful crashing of huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades, the assailants are rushing to the breaches and cheering each other to the assault. Their voices are answered by loud shouts of defiance from the enemy. Hundreds are blown into the air at once by the explosion of a mine; but thousands more, pausing but for a moment on the edge of the fiery chasm, leap into it. Numbers wandering from the right track fall into an inundated trench, and are drowned; but their dead bodies fill up the ditch and form a ghastly bridge over which their comrades rush to the slaughter. The shouts of the combatants are heard above the roaring of the guns and the thunder of the batteries. In vain the men rush up to the breaches: ponderous beams, thickly studded with sword-blades, bar their entry, while sharp spikes infix among the ruins pierce their feet, and discharges of grape and musketry tear down their ranks. The scaling ladders break beneath the weight of the eager soldiers, who, falling from them, are pierced by the bayonets of their comrades beneath, and die miserably. Hundreds have fallen, but hundreds more are eager for the fray. Picton, himself badly wounded, at length recoils for a moment's breathing time behind the shelter of a projecting hill. But the pause is only for a moment; the attack is immediately renewed; determined fortitude is united with desperate daring, and war in horrible sublimity gluts himself with blood. During the acting of this portentous scene, the Duke of Wel-

lington remains in one position, readily accessible to messengers from each of the attacking parties. He hears from time to time, with unmoved countenance, of the desperate resistance which his troops are encountering. He knows but too well how fearful is the work of death that is going forward; but the deed must be done; the fate of Europe depends upon his perseverance at this decisive moment, and his countenance is unmoved at the intelligence. One aide-de-camp after another departs with fresh instructions, while the awful storm of fire rages with undiminished fury. At length comes the welcome announcement that the castle is taken; the possession of the town soon follows; and then all is enthusiasm and joy. "But," says Alison, "when Wellington, at a subsequent period of the night, learned the full extent of the havoc made in his brave men, his wonted firmness gave way, and he yielded to a passionate burst of grief." That memorable siege entailed a loss of five thousand men and officers, of whom no less than three thousand five hundred were struck down in the assault.

Again: the scene changes to Vittoria, and the time is the midsummer of 1813. Wellington had been for some time driving Joseph Bonaparte before him, compelling the encumbered usurper to evacuate one post after another, until at length he mustered resolution to make a stand at Vittoria. It happened, fatally for Joseph's laurels, that his army, who had little confidence in his generalship, was more disposed for securing their plunder than for battle. They experienced on that spot the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. The entire host was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. They left behind them in their flight such an heterogeneous company of camp-followers as no conqueror before or since ever numbered among the trophies of his sword. In addition to the usual military baggage and ammunition, there were carts, wagons, traveling carriages, and vehicles of every description, crammed with actors, jugglers, buffoons, dancing-masters, and the finest works of art plundered from the Spanish collections—all bound for *la belle France* under the protection of the brother of the emperor. The terror and mortal panic of this mixed mob of non-combatants, as the English, bearing down upon them, thundered with their artillery over their heads upon the rear of the flying French, has been humorously described to us by an eye-witness of the scene. The noise of the booming shot as the heavy masses whizzed and whistled above them threw them into ecstasies of fear: some leaped from their carriages, and cast themselves prostrate on the ground; while others, petrified with alarm, lost all power of motion. They offered money freely for the bare promise of protection; and they were tolerably well relieved of their cash when they fell into the hands of the victorious soldiers. Among them, however, were several unfortunate ladies, the wives and families of officers of the defeated French army; these Wellington, with the true instinct of a gentleman and a hero, restored to their partners and friends, despatching them with a safe escort in the track of the retreating army; thus crowning the victory of the day with an act of generosity and humanity.

Once more: the scene is the plain of Waterloo, on the terrible 18th of June, 1815, and the shades of evening are descending upon the close of a strife as fierce and deadly as earth ever trembled to witness. From eleven in the forenoon until sunset the thundering roar of artillery has scarcely intermitted for a moment. Tens of thousands of gallant fellows, who rose that morning breathing hope and courage, are locked in the stark embrace of death, or writhing and weltering in blood upon the sodden soil. Hour after hour have the squares of the British, "rooted to the earth," been fighting the battle of endurance, closing up mechanically, as their ranks, mown down by cannon shot, dwindled gradually away. Hour after hour has the duke, watching from his position the operations of his redoubtable antagonist, played with cool and wary hand the terrible game of war, and kept the foe in check—biding his time to deal the decisive blow. Often is he seen to pluck forth his watch—to sweep the horizon with his telescope—while the expression of anxiety slowly gathers upon his face, and the wish escapes him, "Would to God that Blucher or the night were come!" and again, "It is now three o'clock, and Blucher not yet arrived!" Death is busy around him. One brigade, reduced to a third of its numbers, sends a request to be relieved. "Tell your general," says the duke, "what he asks is impossible: he and I, and every Englishman on the field, must die on the spot we now occupy." "Enough," returned the general, "I and every man under my command will share his fate." This was the stern valour that won that dreadful victory. It was the fortitude begotten by a consciousness of the justice of the cause which won the victory of Waterloo. But the Prussians arrive at length. The sight of their dense masses emerging from a distant wood compels the perplexed usurper to risk everything upon one desperate attack with his cherished guard. On they come, the veterans of twenty campaigns, "regular as rolling water;" but from the concentric fire of ten thousand levelled tubes they are mown down like grass before the scythe; pressed onward from the rear the front masses move to inevitable doom, and not till their route is well-nigh barred with the dying and the dead do they pause, then reel and recoil, and then retreat in disorder. Napoleon witnesses the irreparable disaster, and pale as death, and declaring that "all is over," saves himself by flight. "The whole French army," says the historian, "became one mass of inextricable confusion. All the efforts of the guard to stem the torrent, or arrest the progress of the victors, were fruitless. Never had such a rout been witnessed in modern war. Wellington rode constantly with the advanced posts, regardless of the balls from friends and foes which were falling around them. When urged by some of the officers in attendance not to expose himself so much, he replied, 'Never mind; let them fire away: the battle's gained.' A noble sentiment, coming from such a man at such a moment." It was truly a noble sentiment: it was the spontaneous expression of the feeling which had actuated him through life; namely, that his personal safety was of minor importance in comparison with the accomplishment of his duty.

We cannot extend further these characteristic sketches. We might do so at considerable length

were it necessary; but we have cited enough to give the reader some insight into the personal character of the hero we have lost. We are not hero-worshippers ourselves, and of all so-called heroes we have the least predilection for mere warriors. War, for its own sake, would be a despicable thing, even were it not a horrible and soul-destroying thing. But God sends his judgments upon the earth in the shape of wars, as well as of earthquakes and pestilences. If we have read history aright, we have learned that tyrants and despots and desolating invaders have been His messengers of woe from the days of Nimrod to the days of Napoleon. They do his work among the rebellious nations; and when that work is done, they can do no more, because he stays the murderous plague—sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. It would seem, however, to be the order of his providence to punish the aggression of the sword by the sword, and to quell the pride of conquest by the humiliation of defeat. True patriots and true heroes are often his instruments in bringing this about. Such an instrument in the hand of God we have been in the habit of regarding the Duke of Wellington. To us he appears to have been specially trained by an overruling power, to withstand and finally to overthrow the reckless and sanguinary sway of the Man of the Revolution, who thought it nothing to trample thrones beneath his feet, and shackle the liberties of the world. As such an instrument we would award him the meed of honour which is his due.

#### GARDENS FOR LABOURING MEN.

OUR population, some say, is becoming, if not a pauper one, at least nearer to this than before; and the idea of self-employment, except in a man's regular trade for money wages, is fast becoming lost among us, because the means of obtaining it are not at hand. Yet this kind of self-employment, perhaps, especially when devoted to the cultivation of the soil, is one of the best kinds of moral discipline. Many good qualities of a man are brought out and nourished by it; the lessons of order, neatness, patience, and foresight, got from the garden, are not more wholesome than the steady self-sustained endeavour is salutary for his moral being. Thoughts applicable to his condition, helpful to him in many kinds of trials, find their way quietly and pleasantly into his mind during the operations of gardening.

It is true, that the most extensive system of allotment gardens will not prevent the misery consequent on gluts of trade, or the sudden loss of employment from monetary crises; but they will, in various ways, afford considerable aid in mitigating these evils; by affording, for instance, a profitable means of employing a few days now and then when trade is slack; by enabling the unemployed artisan to turn his hand to agricultural occupation, which will always be a large outlet for labour; and, by improving the town workman's general health and strength of body, and thus rendering him less liable to the assaults of disease and despair, that quickly prostrate him when "out of work." The gin-shop is not so generally resorted to, for the

purpose of drowning sorrow, by the man whose muscles and mind are strung by out-door work, as by the wan and sickly artisan accustomed only to heated rooms and unwholesome alleys. Yes, surely, the moral as well as the physical man is greatly improved by gardening. Working-men, we believe, think more in their quiet gardening hours than at any other time; they look for effects and examine into causes in what is before them, and thus habits of reflection are formed and cultivated, which the gin-shop will never supply. The freshness, beauty, and ever-succeeding miracles of vegetable growth and development communicate, also, clearness and healthiness of tone to the mind, as well as vigour and freedom to the bodily organs.

It is not, however, a very unusual objection among a certain portion of the working man's friends—those especially who perhaps expect too much from lectures and classes—that allotments prevent reading; that the labourer who cultivates his garden well, will not have time to cultivate his mind. An allotment too large for the skill and strength forthcoming may be attended with this among other bad results; too large an allotment may make a poor scholar as it sometimes makes a pauper small farmer. But those who want to read will not take so large a plot as to use up all their time; and, in a word, it is the busiest men who have the most time for all kinds of improvement. The man who works his plot of garden ground well, will have an additional slice of bacon and abundance of wholesome vegetables; and as he will not be the worse labourer, neither will he be the lazier scholar for these. But for those who cannot read (which is still, alas! the case of many thousands of our worthiest peasants and artisans), and for the still larger number who read with much difficulty, what more useful or improving occupation than that of a garden?

We usually hear of but three objections against allotment gardens for labouring men worthy of attention: the first, that a *large* allotment has a tendency to make its holder depend solely, or almost entirely, upon it for support—to become, in fact, an Irish cottier or small farmer in rags; and this is a true and serious objection—not, however, to allotments, but to making them too large. The object is to use up the *spare* time of the labourer or artisan, and to enable him to supply his own family with abundance of cheap vegetables: from the one-twelfth to the one-fourth of an acre is amply sufficient for these purposes, and, this condition complied with, the objection falls to the ground. In the rear of this objection come a host of opponents: farmers, who wish to keep the labourer thoroughly dependent and ever at their call; and rival cultivators of vegetables, who object to this interference with their legitimate monopoly. We believe it is better for both the farmer and labourer that the latter should have a good garden and a pig; and against the injury to the market gardeners, we have the set-off that multitudes of poor people, the neighbours of the allotment gardener, are enabled to procure easily, and at all times, such small supplies of green food as are suited to their funds and their wants. As a portion of the ill health which poor people suffer from, results from the too exclusive use of dry and salt food, there can



be no doubt that allotment gardens, by cultivating the taste for fresh vegetable diet, conduce to their well-being.

The other objections—of the possession of a garden using up too much of a man's strength, and so making him the worse labourer; and too much of his time, and so leaving him none for moral and intellectual improvement—have already been spoken of; but, perhaps, a few words may be added. Surely a man with ever so good a garden will have many nights left for reading. The additional comforts he obtains, by his additional labour and skill, give him heart for mental employment. After a comfortable supper, eaten with the consciousness that he has earned it by his voluntary extra toil, a man will surely be fitter for any book, the best of all books included, or for wholesome cheery household chat, than after a hard day's work closed by a scanty meal. The empty stomach will not let its owner sit still or think cheerily about any thing. In the Ettrick Shepherd's song—

"Donald gaed up the hill cauld and hungry;  
Donald came down the hill cauld and angry;"

and the hungry peasant or artisan goes up and down the stair as Donald went up and down the hill. A good deal of food for a family is got, by skilful labour, from twenty roods of land: the good gardener has more food, greater change of it, and often of a better quality, than his neighbour who has no plot of ground: he has more heart for his daily toil and his evening book; nay, he has also a little more money for his benefit club.

The mere cultivation of the soil, we repeat, is a fine moral training, and he must be but a thoughtless man to whom it is not calculated to impart something of a religious training also. Industry, order, neatness, foresight, are the roots of all moral and intellectual improvement; and in what soil can they grow better than in that of the garden?

Having cleared the ground as well as we can of objections, let us now try to get the allotment gardens laid out. Who is to find the land? how is the rent to be fixed? what are to be the rules? how are we to get the greatest good possible out of them?

Many land-owners, mill-owners, and clergymen have found the land for them in very many parts of England during the last few years; and judging from the experience given in the agricultural journals, and gathered from various parts, though the rents and the rules have been various, there has been but one result; namely, that the allotment-garden system has worked well and done much good. If the owners of land, as they generally do, lay out the required ground, there will seldom be any difficulty about high rents, stringent rules, or political vassalage. Yet it sometimes has been so: a keen-edged agent has sometimes applied his sharp political maxims to the working of the allotment system, thus depriving it of all its kindly, neighbourly influences.

To extort an enormous rent on the one hand, or to reduce the allotment system to that of a charitable institution on the other, is, we think, equally erroneous. To get the land for the men at the price paid by the farmers around, leaving the gardeners to derive the benefit of the additional value which their labour confers on it, this seems to us the fair

way between man and man. Not inflicting the sense of common charitable relief on the labouring man, nor the sense of injury on the farmer, by letting the land too low; not destroying all the kindly influences for which the system leaves scope between different classes, by exacting a rack rent: this seems the just medium in which safety and justice consists; and it is the line that has very frequently been followed in England.

A writer in the "Gardeners' Chronicle," signing himself "Falcon"—who for many years past has been labouring to do good to his fellow men, in various ways connected with the soil, and among the rest in the way of gardens for labouring men—insists on the injustice of letting land for allotment gardens at the price of "accommodation land," as the pastures and paddocks near towns, suited for grazing cattle near the time of fairs, or keeping cows and hackneys for the townspeople, are called. He demands a Procrustean rent of 30s. or 27. per acre under all circumstances. Now, allotment gardens, for towns and large villages at least, must always be on "accommodation land," because both, to be useful, must be near. In very large towns, beginning with London, we think the railway system might be brought to the aid of allotment gardens; and, for twopence a day, a man might go for an hour or two to his plot of ground, four or five miles from the Babylon of brick in which he lives. And probably this would not only improve the complexions, but cheapen the vegetables, of Londoners, besides in some trifling degree helping the railway dividends. But near all towns and villages, we think the land ought not to be let at a smaller rent than it will fetch among the farmers, otherwise the thing becomes at once a mere charity; and, since the recipients really do not need mere charity, it demoralizes all concerned.

On the other hand, if the land is let, as we have known it to be by a keen-edged agent, at the highest rent to be wrung from the numerous competitors, all the moral and most of the material benefit to the working man is lost: he feels that he is yet under the iron screw of necessity; and the agent, instead of, as his superior desired, brightening the black cloud of toil which hangs over the poor man's lot, by some silvery gleams of kindness, is only an agent in thickening, blackening, and bringing its folds closer down upon him.

The land should be let, then, we think, at the farmer's price, and, if any of the neighbouring landlords are willing to do this, so much the better. But, if not, it may be possible for a middleman to step in, and engaging a field for the purpose, let it out to the working man at the price he gives. Many landlords are willing enough to do this; and many landless people will be willing enough to undergo the trouble, and run the slight pecuniary risk, required in doing such kindness to their neighbours. They must very often make up their minds to submit to be branded, even by some of those whom they benefit, and by some of their wealthier neighbours, as Irish middlemen, making a profit out of their tenants; for whom they are all the time, it may be, spending some money, and a good deal of valuable time. This is the tax an allotment middleman must pay for being poor and kind-hearted; let him be thankful that he is able to pay the tax, and pay it cheerfully.

The middlemen have been, in one shape or other, the chief men for carrying on the allotment system, and they ever must be so, seeing that the possession of land is rare, while that of intelligence and benevolence is diffused also among the landless "masses." A field or fields having been procured for the purpose, it is better for the landlord to employ some one to lay out the walks and plant the fences, than to leave this to the community. Each man may be willing enough to do his part; but it would be in vain to expect uniformity, or even tolerable neatness, from the polyglot labours of the new tenantry. From the one-fourth to the one-twelfth of an acre will be found to be the most useful sizes for allotment gardens, and it will be better to have certain sumptuary laws respecting summer-houses and hot-houses, so as to keep the gardens in the hands of genuine working-men, to whom the profitable use of their spare hours is a desideratum, and who may not have their honest poverty humbled by seeing their aristocratic neighbour of the next allotment erecting a fine vinery. The permission to erect expensive summer-houses or conservatories (and these will sometimes be erected even by working men, joiners, glaziers, etc.), coupled with the leave to demand from the next coming payment for these expensive improvements, is calculated to injure the principle of gardens for labouring men, seeing that a plot, of which the rent is from 12s. to 30s. per annum, may be burdened with improvements worth 5l. or 10l.; thus placing these gardens entirely out of the power of the class of persons for whom they were originally designed. This is rather a growing evil, and deserves especial notice.

In order to encourage the good cultivation of the ground, especially if it is poor to begin with, there should be an agreement to pay to the tenant reasonable compensation for such improvements effected by him as have increased the annual renting value of the ground; but this "tenant-right" should only extend to improvement in the soil itself, and should not be allowed to extend to valuable fruit-trees, expensive flowers, or sumptuous summer-houses.

It only remains to notice the rules required for the management of the gardens, and the fewer and simpler these are the better. It does the men good to leave a good deal to their sense of justice and honour. The following simple memorandum of agreement has been found to answer very well.

Memorandum of agreement between A. B. and the undersigned allotment gardeners:—

- 1st. Each of the undersigned shall pay for his allotment to the said A. B., or his agent, the sum of ——— as rent.
- 2nd. Each of the undersigned agrees to cultivate his allotment by manual husbandry alone, on the alternate system of cropping; never taking a seed-producing crop off land which bore one the preceding year, nor growing any grain-crop or a potato-crop on more than half his land during any one year.
- 3rd. Each of the undersigned agrees not to sub-let his allotment, nor any part of it.
- 4th. This agreement shall expire on Christmas day of every year, when, if it be not renewed, each of the undersigned shall deliver up his land to A. B., or his agent.
- 5th. In order to encourage the good manage-

ment of the land, and secure the tenant from loss, A. B. guarantees to any one who may give up, or be dismissed from his allotment, the true value of all manure or cultivation left in it, as well as of all crops remaining upon it which would be injured by removal, the same to be determined by valuers mutually chosen.

The landlord and tenants sign this document. If the *esprit de corps* is not found sufficient to induce the gardeners to keep their walks in good order, and refrain from doing anything which may injure the fences, small fines may be established for this purpose. It will be found better to appoint one of the number to clip the hedges and superintend the main walk, rather than to leave these duties to be performed by each man opposite his own plot.

To allow the man who has the best-kept and cultivated garden to sit rent free, and to offer a few well-constructed garden tools—a Vernon hoe, steel digging-fork, and Black's spade—as prizes for the best collection of vegetables, will be found to awaken emulation and to work well. Nothing is more delightful than a "cottagers' show." Fruits, flowers and vegetables, fowls and pigs, make an interesting exhibition; while the presence of the wealthier classes, and a few prizes offered by them, help to give *éclat* to the whole. It is very important to discourage working in the gardens on the Sunday. Some landlords, we observe, lock up their gardens from Saturday night till Monday morning. We have found, however, that an appeal to the good sense and right feeling of allotment gardeners is sufficient for the purpose in view; even those who had little respect for the Sunday, or for public opinion, refrained from desecrating it in their gardens, influenced partly by their desire of pleasing, and partly by fear of offending a man from whom they held a plot of ground at an easy rent. By locking the garden, the good lesson of self-control, we think, is lost. To remind, therefore, the tenant, on first taking the ground, that it is expected there will be no working in the gardens on Sundays; hinting at the same time that this is especially the working man's day, and that he is but an unreflecting working man who, for his own sake and the sake of his order, does not respect it; that there is no sight more offensive to the working man's friends than to see one of them lolling about his allotment in his dirty clothes, with a pipe in his cheek, on a Sunday morning, while his respectable fellow workmen are going to a place of worship; that such conduct is injurious to the system of "gardens for labouring men," and gives a handle to the scornors of such good works, of whom there are always an abundance in every parish: these suggestions will, in general, not only prevent the evil occurring in the gardens themselves, but tend also to prevent the desecration of the day elsewhere.

#### THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

He that lives without prayer or prays without life hath not the Spirit of God.

We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Remember that you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do than to trifle away time.

Turn to God and he will turn to you; then you will be happy though all the world turn against you.

He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.